

WORDS FOR EDIFICATION.

FACETIOUS.

New beads are quoted at five cents each. The price of old ones is, "For the love of Heaven, three cents to cross the ferry." —*New York Commercial*.

Rev. Mr. Lyon, of Bridgeport, preached Sunday night on the national sin. There was a universal exchange of umbrellas the next morning.—*Danbury News*.

Priest problem in mental arithmetic: If seven days make one week, how many additional days will it require to make one strong?—*Commercial Advertiser*.

An interesting phase of society life is seen when a young man goes to call on a young lady and her set dog follows him and waits outside, each passing by stopping to read the name on the collar. This happened in Lowell.—*Lowell Courier*.

It's de easy talkin' men what skin yer de quickest. Jes when yer think dat man is de tenderest, is de very time when he's got yer. De closer a thief git to de chicken-roost de lighter he puts his feet on de ground.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

"How," writes Ethel, "are we to tell the perfect gentleman?" Just you come right into our office at any time, Ethel, when we are not busy, and sit yourself right down in the chair by our desk, and tell it to us as freely as you would to your mother. You can depend on us, Ethel.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette*.

A Methodist itinerant preacher once breakfasted at a house where johnny-cakes were served. Observing a feather protruding from his cake, he remarked: "Sister, your johnny-cake seems to be feathered out." "Yes," responded the lady, unabashed; "I told John no longer ago than yesterday that he must either get a cover for the meal-barrel or move the henroost."

The living skeleton of a San Franciscan side show went out for a walk on a railroad track. A locomotive knocked him down and ran over him. He arose and continued his walk. The four inches between the cow-catcher and the ties had been sufficient for his thinness. He was incidentally well advertised, but paid for it in bruises and scratches.

A good Austin father gave his son a nickel and sent him to church, and after he came home, asked him what the text was. He said he did not know. "Did you forget everything?" asked the parent. "No," said the boy carefully, "I remembered not to put the nickel in the plate." "Why you healthen!" "If I'm a heathen it's all right. I know for once that the poor heathen got the nickel that was intended for him. I bought some peaches with that nickel."—*Texas Siftings*.

"How very chilly it is this morning," said Cheley to his mother: "I hardly know what to wear this weather. Sealkin sacks are not seen, and spring wraps are not near warm enough." "Land sakes, don't be so particular," said her practical mother. "Weary my red and black blanket shawl. That's comfortable." "What! and look like a wash-woman?" and the dear girl swooned. The feminine mind is exceedingly sensitive when matters of dress are under discussion.—*New Haven Register*.

It is related of George Clark, the celebrated minstrel, that, being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by the counsel, who wished to break down his evidence. "You are in the negro-minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Isn't that rather a low calling?" demanded the lawyer. "I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel; "but it is so much better than my father's that I am proud of it." "What was your father's calling?" "He was a lawyer," replied Clark, in a tone of regret that put the audience in a roar. After that the lawyer let him alone.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.
William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when my surprise, I commenced to feel better to-day I feel better than for three years past.

I write this hoping every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take Dr. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicine I have taken since my sickness.

"Look here, printer," said an enraged poet, "you have not punctuated my poem at all." "Well, sir, I am not a printer; I'm a setter," replied the printer.

A FEW CLERGYMAN.
Even the patience of Job would become exhausted were he a preacher and endeavoring to interest his audience while they were keeping up an incessant coughing, making it impossible for him to be heard. Yet, how very easy can all this be avoided by simply using Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Trial Bottles given away by all Druggists.

Many a man is not satisfied to live on the face of the earth. He tries to live on his own cheek.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.
On the appearance of the first symptoms—a general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs—therefore use the great and scrupulous blood-purifier and strength restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a tonic. For weak lungs, splitting of blood and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold

by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A stubborn woman—Aunt Tagonistic.

CANCERS AND OTHER TUMORS are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

A valuable ledge—Knowledge.

FITS, FITS, FITS, successfully treated by World's Dispensary Medical Association. Address, with stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N. Y.

Boston established the first Board of Trade at the commencement of the revolution.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

May the good work begun by St. Jacobs Oil continue until rheumatism and neuralgia have been banished from the earth.—*Albany (N. Y.) Press and Knickerbocker*.

The poster plays a truly neutral part during a political campaign—it is always on the fence.

Gone! Inflammatory rheumatism, cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Ira Brown.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mrs. Chas. Smith, of Jimes, Ohio, writes: We have used every remedy for sick headache I could bear for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

CLUBBING RATES.

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Agents wanted.

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